FIRST OF MACDOWELL CLUB SHOWS --NEWS OF THE ART WORLD

JULES PASCIN of Paris has arrived in New York. He says he is not an emigré. He came to this country simply because he wished to see America. He will stay a fortnight with us and then flit southward, to Florida, Cuba, he doesn't know where.

A number of us were trying to persuade him, since he must quit New York, to go to New Orleans, assuring him that it was beautiful down there—lovely architecture, rare colors, "as swell as Venice," some one in the crowd ventured; soft climate, "beaux negres" eminently paintable, good opera and eating; all in fact that the soul of an artist could desire, but Pascin did not succumb to our enthusiasms. Something that somebody told him years ago fixed Florida in his mind as desirable, and besides he firmly insists that Florida is not so far away as New Orleans!

Not that it is our affair! The choice of habitat by an artist of imagination is often swayed by trifles light as air. The planting of Gauguin upon Tahiti and Stevenson upon Samoa could not have been arranged by others, and the only point that concerns us is that in these places they found soil upon which they could flourish. Unlike Gauguin and Stevenson, Pascin is not looking for an asylum. He is a passenger bird. Be sure he will abstract honey from Florida, although personally I am not at all sure that Florida herself will recognize Pascin's product as honey.

To us disinterested Northerners it will be great fun to see what Pascin brings back in his portfolios from down there. For that matter, since he is to be with us a fortnight, we had better watch out ourselves. Mr. Benson's "Dodo" said of the marriage state, "It is both a responsibility and an opportunity," and the same may be said of Mr. Pascin's visit to us. It is all very well for us to brush our hair pompadour fashion, and sit straight up and down in our chairs in respectable poses. We can't, of course, keep that sort of thing up forever. We cannot even keep it up two weeks, and the exactly wrong moment of the tango is the moment that Mr. Pascin will catch us, you may be sure.

As an artist he is not enamoured of masks and poses. He has not said so, but judging by his drawings, I should say he is not deeply concerned with recording the outward aspects of respectability. Respectability is a thing that is sure to get itself recorded, automatically if no other way, and for that reason probably Mr. Pascin lets it alone. There is no crying need to publish it, since it publishes itself. He has none of the animosity against virtue that seems to put bitterness into the pens of our modern English satirists. He is, to put the matter as simply as possible, more concerned with beauty than with satire, although satire is there. It is as though the beauty in his drawings is conscious, the satire unconscious.

Digging in subterranean passages has its dangers and so have the searchings of an artist among the wreckages of the human stream. The topic is an inviting one and one that must be discussed and understood in America before we can hope to make New York the capital of the arts. We have poised morality and art in the scales before this and sometimes morality wins and sometimes art wins, but so far, at each decision, there is always a voice that insists that there has been juggling with the scales! So much depends in young countries, such as ours, for instance, upon who is umpire! Emily Dickinson, our almost forgotten poetess, claimed in a poem that all Boston agreed was perfectly all right, that truth and beauty were one, and as truth and morality are also one, it follows as the night the day that morality and beauty are one; and consequently if Pascin's drawings are beautiful they are moral.

We may all agree nicely to this deduction at once or we may make a fuss and try to stamp upon Pascin as we stamped upon Gorki, Walt Whitman and Poe, but sooner or later we must come around, for art always wins in the end, and Pascin has a talent that's prodigious.

It is altogether likely that before the season is over we shall have a public exhibition of his work and then all the moral and scientific phases of his art may be considered in detail. It would be nothing less than a crime if we fail to show this stuff to our students. Think of a Degas coming to town with a hundred or so water colors and no one seeing them but a hardful of experts! At any rate this visit is sure to figure in art history. As far as modern art is concerned nothing of greater importance may happen throughout the winter.

That admirable institution, the Macdowell Club, opened its doors this week upon the first of its series of fortnightly shows. These shows, we have to reiterate from time to time, are arranged in a fashion that dispenses with the academical jury system. The artists form in groups of six, eight or ten, according to their sympathies or principles, hire the gallery for a fortnight and hang what canvases they choose. There are no stern committees in the way, nothing but the simple little matter of raising the price of the rental. This doesn't seem to be difficult, and in truth, divided among eight or ten as it usually is, it is a trifle.

This ingenious idea has prospered at the Macdowell Club and during the last few years measurable results have been obtained. In fostering young talent no other gallery has been so effective. Numbers of young people who could not possibly pass the orthodox juries here gain a hearing and find admirers. A wild looking picture that frightens one at first glance is found upon examination to have qualities of nature. Then in a month or two the artist is exhibiting in Fifth avenue shops or in international exhibitions. This despite the fact that the Macdowell Club is very much hidden away, that the public is only half aware that it has the privilege of seeing these pictures and that six or eight visitors to the exhibition at a time constitutes a crush.

A crush is all very fine and desirable, no doubt, but not so important as the chance that is given for an artist to see his idea upon a wall and to judge at last for himself as to whether it speaks as it should, or speaks at all. It can be readily imagined that some of the worst pictures that have ever been painted appear in these shows. They do no harm. They make a foil for the successes. Honest failures are not disgraceful, though insincere pictures are. Insincere pictures are rare at the Macdowell Club.

The opening show this year is rather suave, gentle and unremarkable. In that, history repeats itself. The club last year put great restraint upon itself in the early part of the season and didn't venture anything wild and cubistic until the first fury of the art critics, always very savage in the early autumn, had blunted itself upon other things. The chief performers are Annetta Saint Gaudens, Helen Farnsworth Mears and Robert C. Doran.

Miss Mears, who was a pupil of Augustus Saint Gaudens and for a time his assistant, shows "Dawn and Labor," two female figures that move rhythmically, compose well and have character, although the group is still in a sketchy state. Her "Eve" reclines and appears to be a new version of that lamentable affair. Eve is half asleep. It is evidently just after the midday repast, which in those days was the principal one of the day. The wily serpent presents the apple, which is an extremely small one, Miss Mears holding with the savants who claim that the fruit in question was a crabapple, and Eve somnolently accepts it. If Miss Mears's story can be proved true, then lots of people will come to Eve's defence, saying that she shouldn't have been blamed so heavily as she has been, for at the moment of temptation she was not herself.

Mr. Doran's work also forces us to brush the ecclesiastical cobwebs from our brains. He submits a small Madonna and a Crucifixion, but his largest canvas is called "Faith." He works in the decorative manner that suggests Mr. Kenneth Miller at times, and at times Mr. Davies. Like all decorators he gets excellent realism without especially trying for it.

The "Peterboro Hills" is pleasantly true, although the painter was as much interested in the design as in realism. In "Faith" Mr. Doran shows a primitive family, primitively drawn against a conventional landscape. The father and mother of this composition are upon their knees praying straight up into the sky, but the baby upon the ground beside them has entirely earthy interests. It has its finger in its mouth, a bad habit that should be instantly corrected, Mr. Doran, if this be not a dream child.

The group of sculptures by the late Louis Saint Gaudens is in the nature of a memorial exhibition. It contains his "Ceres," a sober, simple and fine bronze head, and a number of decorative pieces, among which are models of the "Van Tromp" and "Prince Henry" statues made for the New York Custom House, the base of the Liberty Statue as one gazes at the vivid colors, and one wonders, seeing our past so far away from us, at the perplexities of the future that seem to be swooping to us. We hope that Mr. Daniels and the others who keep the fires going beneath "The Melting Pot" will have firm hands and steady ones when the mass finally becomes molten and it is time to steer it into permanent forms.

The pictures of the opening show now on all have features to arrest the attention, being painted for the most part with great decision and force. Jerome Myer's "Italian Festival" and Mrs. Pendleton's "Landscape" being the only works that may be said to have anything like reticence. Leon Kroll's and Gus Mager's landscapes are among the "strong" ones, seemingly painted by athletes at the top of their training, but giving us agreeable nature for all that. Mr. Mager's method at present is a trifle too much like Van Gogh's, but that is one of the things that are implied by being "up to the minute." Bror Nordfeldt's beach scene has a touch of caricature, but it is done in attractive color. Stuart Davis shows a portrait, a large lady done in hot colors, the outlines in crimson and shadows in mauve, that we regret extremely not to have liked overmuch. Mr. Davis frequently figures with great eclat in the Macdowell Club exhibitions and his canvases are so decorative and witty that we have acquired quite a soft spot for them.

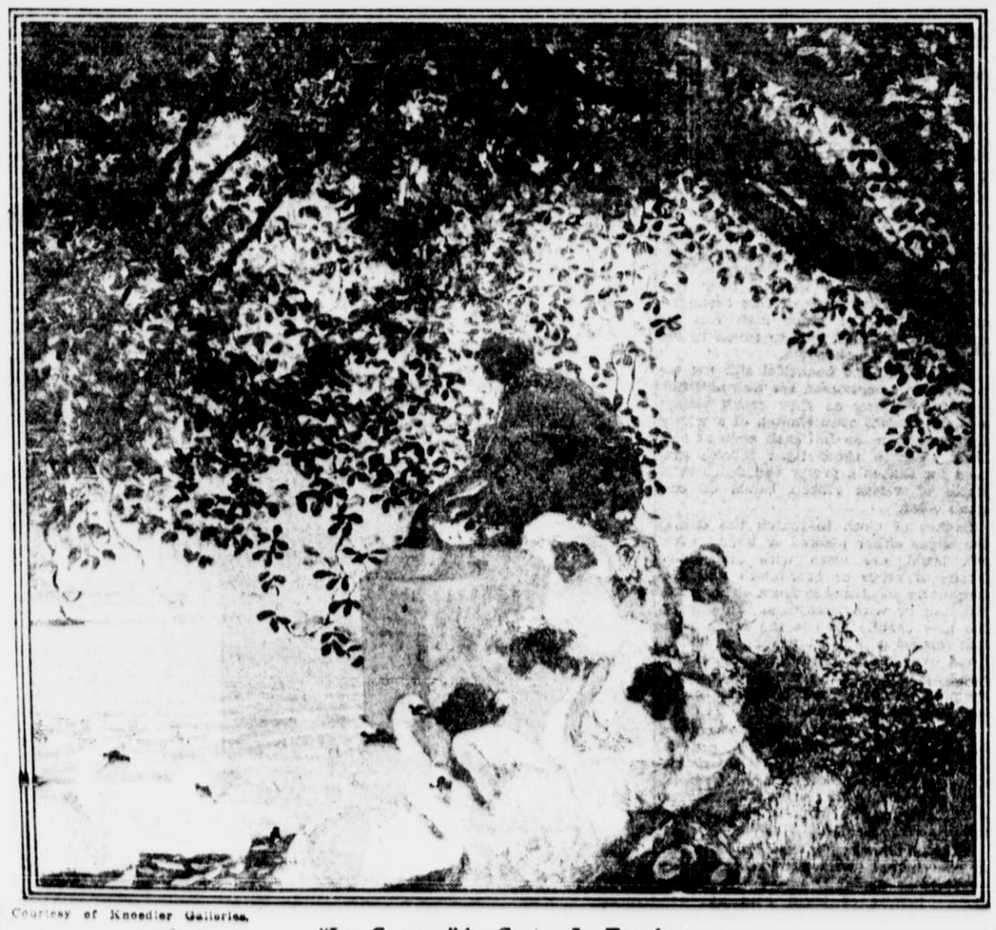
Mr. Saint Gaudens, who was born in Lispenard street, New York, in 1854, died in Cornish, N. H., in March of last year. He was seven years younger than his more famous brother Augustus, to whom he was always devoted, and with whom he worked for many years.

The Daniels Gallery is more New Yorkish than ever. The fashion of the pictures it exhibits is "up to the minute," as Miss Mary Garden said of her gowns. The swiftness of life and the vastness of the changes that are taking place before our eyes are apparent even in the names of the artists that Mr. Daniels presents to us. Zorach, Wortman, Luks, Kuehne, Manigault. Such names! How Rip Van Winkle would stare and blink at them.

Who are these people? Not a single good old fashioned American in the list; not a Cadwallader, Biddle, Cabot or even a Smith! Yet when you talk to these young people you find that their accents are perfect and that they know more of slang and the Constitution of the United States than you do yourself. One hears the waves lapping around

On Exhibition at Berlin Photographic Co.

King of the Homeric Times, by Leon Bakst.



Courtesy of Knoedler Galleries.

"Les Cygnes," by Gaston La Touche.

Mr. Birnbaum of the Berlin Photographic Company has rescued another young artist from oblivion for us and given him a show. The name of the new artist is Herbert Crowley and he makes drawings in pen and ink which are elaborated and detailed to a degree that will astonish you, water color drawings of a whimsicality that recalls John Tenniel and little grotesque carvings that seem to have come out of mediæval Germany. Instead, Mr. Birnbaum assures us, they came out of a dingy New York hall bedroom.

He is an Englishman, this artist, who has chosen to make New York his home. He thought at one time of a musical career, but his timidity made concert appearances impossible, and after a few recitals with varying success in Paris and New York he finally gave up these attempts and devoted himself to art. He studied for a while in the Academie Julien, but the instructor happened to be unsympathetic and assisted him little. For the most part he has been self-taught. He has lived quietly and unnoticed in New York, but one or two tiny pen and ink drawings in the historic exhibition of modern art at the Armory finally attracted and held the attention of a few visitors.

English influences are naturally apparent in Mr. Crowley's work and the chief is Aubrey Beardsley's, with Tenniel second. Crowley multiplies the intricacies of Beardsley to such an extent that we doubt if any modern audience can follow him to the end of it with enthusiasm. He is very fond of pattern as such and frequently weaves cobwebby backgrounds of animal and floral forms for a background to the main motif.

His most ambitious drawing is the "Temple of Dreams"; probably the drawing that is referred to in the catalogue as having required years of labor. Microscopic forms of flowers and butterflies make a background which fades to a halo of light around the top of the Temple. The repeated units in this pattern are laboriously achieved.

Beardsley had an audience. He secured it early in his short career. It was with one eye upon this audience that he lavished invention and elegance upon the tassel of a bell rope in the obscure corner of a drawing, for he knew his audience was with him, and "A dream cannot happen. A dream *is*. It seems to me that we are made up of three parts: the circumference, the centre, and the space in between. The circumference combats evil; the centre is the conclusion we come to from that combat; the space in between consists of conclusions purified. From this space in between arises a cone shaped figure of vibrating truth which rises higher and higher as experience comes to us.

"From the combat of good and evil, dreams are born. Life cannot exist without the dream. The dream cannot exist without life. Developed life develops the dream. The finer the conclusions the purer the life and the dreams. The purer the dreams the purer the life to come. All this reminds us of Blake and his message of emancipation from reality through the shaping spirit of imagination, and although Blake is practically unknown to Crowley, art seems to be for both men merely an inadequate means of expression for a spiritual message."

With Mr. Crowley's works are shown a number of the recent designs by Leon Bakst, the celebrated Franco-Russian painter.

ART NEWS AND COMMENT.

PAUL MANSHIP has designed a medal to be issued to members of the Circle of Friends of the Medallion as the eleventh in the series. The occasion is the celebration this autumn of the 300th anniversary of the founding of the city of New York. Not only were houses erected by 1614 on Manhattan, but in that year Adriaen Block built the first ship, which he called the Restless, thereby forecasting by the name of his little yacht the spirit of enterprise that was to characterize the Manhattanese for three hundred years to come.

The obverse shows an Indian offering a Hollander the pipe of peace. A Dutch ship, a beaver and a windmill are appropriate additions. The reverse offers New York enthroned, holding the torch of enlightenment in her right and a skyscraper in her left hand. Commerce, seamanship and wealth are hinted at by fitting symbols. On one face the lettering reads, "New Netherland Founded 1614"; on the other "Tercentenary, New York 1914." These designs have been approved by the committee in charge of the Commercial Tercentenary of New York.

Grotesque in Bronze, by Herbert Crowley.

From the bulletin of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts we learn that Mr. Manship's little bronze group called "Playfulness," which was purchased by Mrs. C. C. Bovey from the sculptor last spring, will be exhibited in the institute in the Martin B. Koon memorial collection. This work is one of those that Mr. Manship executed during his residence in Rome as a fellow of the American Academy.

Helen Farnsworth Mears, some of whose sculptures are in the current exhibition of the Macdowell Club, was born in Wisconsin. Her first commission was for a figure representing that State, which won her a prize of $500 in a competition. In Europe she studied with Collin, Merson, Puech and Charpentier and for a number of years after her return to America she assisted Mr. Saint Gaudens in his studio. Examples of her work are in the Smithsonian Institution, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Downer College and the Milwaukee Public Library. She has recently completed a heroic figure for a fountain to be erected in a public park in Eau Claire, Wis. This figure will be placed in a basin, forty feet in diameter, the architects of which are George B. Post & Sons.

Robert C. Doran, whose paintings are prominent in the same exhibition, says of himself: "I am a pupil of Kenneth Hayes Miller. I am probably interested in mural decoration as much as any other form of painting, but do not expect to specialize in that branch more than any other, as to me art is merely expression of oneself, no matter what branch of art is chosen. During the past summer I worked as assistant to Abbott H. Thayer. I love the work of the early Italians and of most of the great masters down to the modern Frenchmen. Of the great modern triumvirate Van Gogh, Cezanne and Gauguin, the latter appeals to me most strongly, though I love them all. Of our own Americans, Davies, Miller, Ryder, Blakelock, Martin, Twachtman and Hunt appeal to me very much."

Two young English etchers of promise, James McBey and William P. Robins, have a joint exhibition in the Knoedler Galleries which is sure to meet with appreciation and approbation. Mr. McBey apparently felt, like many another etcher, that the moment he had earned the right to call himself a professional he must start off touring the world in search of picturesque material. He found it in Tetuan, Benachle, and Benicarlo, but as it also often happens, he did even better at home. He has a tendency to the extreme of simplification, such as in No. 21, "The Shower," where the subject is a simple haystack with a few scratchy lines in the sky to show the breaking clouds, but simple as it is, the soft wet day is all there. In this and some similar impressions he is at his most original and best.

Two very beautiful and decorative canvases by Gaston La Touche have also recently arrived at Knoedler's, one of which, "Les Cygnes," we reproduce.

The Greenwich Village Inn, just off Washington Square, appears to be an art centre as well as an inn. In the upper galleries at present there is a display of posters and sketches by Noemi Pernessin and St. Claire Breckons, and in the lower room, where the artists of the neighborhood foregather for food and conversation, a number of drawings by Stuart Davis are to be seen. Most of these drawings are so slight that Mr. Davis's philosophy of life cannot be deciphered at present, further than that he seems to be greatly preoccupied with large ladies. All of his sitters are remarkable for weight and width. It is of course possible that these ladies are boarders at the inn and in that case a loyal emphasis upon the width would be pardonable to a frequenter of the institution and would endear him to the management. Artists are up to these little tricks sometimes.

The October number of *Art in America* contains an excellent study of the water colors of Winslow Homer by Kenyon Cox, a paragraph from which suffices to show his enthusiasm and his justness:

"There must be reasons, more or less valid, for a preference so vividly felt—felt, at times, by Homer himself—for these water colors over his more elaborate works in oil, and one of these reasons I have already touched upon; it is Homer's extraordinary technical mastery of the medium. If from the first he painted better in water colors than he was ever able to do in oils, it may be said that, in the end, he painted better in water colors—with more virtuosity of hand, more sense of the right use of the material, more decisive mastery of its proper resources—than almost any modern has been able to do in oils. One must go back to Rubens or Hals for a parallel, in oil painting, to Homer's prodigious skill in water color, and perhaps to the Venetians for anything so perfectly right in its technical manner. His felicity and rapidity of handling are a delight, and to see the way, for instance, in which all the complicated forms and foreshortenings of the head of a palm tree are given in a few instantaneous touches, each touch of a shape one would hardly have thought of, yet each indisputably right in character, is to have a new revelation of the power of sheer workmanship. Even Sargent's stupendous cleverness in water color is not more wonderful, though Sargent seems to be thinking a little of the brilliancy of his method, whereas Homer is thinking single-mindedly, of the object or the effect to be rendered, and is clever only because he is sure of what he wants to do and seizes instinctively on the nearest way of doing it."

Two new courses of free public lectures in art have been arranged by the Board of Education for the month of November, both beginning on the evening of November 12. At Public School 59, 228 East Fifty-seventh street, Louis Welberg of the College of the City of New York will give one of the courses on "Modern Artists and Their Message," taking up in turn, Millet, Whistler, Manet, the International Art Exposition and Rodin. The other course, which will begin on November 12 will be that by John Quincy Adams, assistant secretary of the Municipal Art Commission, on "Art and Daily Life," which will be given at Public School 165, 108th street, west of Amsterdam avenue.

Next Tuesday evening, October 27, Alexander T. Van Laer will continue his course on "The History of Painting" at the Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Central Park West, with a lecture on "Rubens and Rembrandt and the Painters of the Netherlands," while on the evening of October 29 Dr. Bruno Roselli of Adelphi College will lecture at Public School 59 on "Ravenna: The Ancient Gateway of Oriental Power."

This anecdote concerning a great name is recounted by a writer in *Le Matin:*

"I have been taking long walks in these streets, formerly so populous, now deserted, of Belleville, La Villette and Montmartre. None but old men, women and children killing the time talking from one doorstep to another like countrymen when their labor is over. And the task of these poor people is over, the sons have gone far away to defend the paternal soil; nothing is left for the mothers but to guard the houses and to hope in silence.

In Montmartre in one of these humble shops where the glass doors have self-ringing bells to announce the visitor I heard this touching story. A few days ago the daughter of the house, a bright young thing of 16, fiancee of a neighbor, a young workman now at one of the eastern forts, went to a photographer to be "taken." Alas, the proof that was submitted was most uncomplimentary.

"What will my fiance say when he sees me like that, with swollen eyes and wrinkled cheeks? He will believe me ill. What a torment for him at a moment when he needs all his courage for fighting!"

The young midinette was telling this to a friend in a creamery, not imagining she was overheard. Nevertheless quite near her was our good painter, Wilette, who took his album from his pocket and in a few minutes had made from the despairing Columbine the prettiest sketch in the world. Holding it out to her he said:

"Mademoiselle, here, if you wish, is a portrait that you may send to your friend!"

ENGLISH ACTRESSES.

What an English Playwright Thinks of Their Talents.

B. Macdonald Hastings, the English playwright is now in this country to superintend the production of the new play he has written for Alla Nazimova. After the performance of "Pygmalion" at the Park Theatre the other night he told a SUN reporter his impressions of the London actresses. He said:

"Quite the most accomplished actress on the English stage, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is one of the wittiest women in society. She revels in that semi-satiric, extrinsic form of humor which is as delightful to its exponents as to its auditors. This brilliant woman's appreciation of the most subtle humor of life is undoubtedly largely responsible for the zest and the life of her acting. She is eternally young, because her sense of fun shames the impertinent advances of Time.

"In Shaw's 'Pygmalion' she is a sheer delight. Her impersonation of the flower girl is in the highest vein of comedy, and her enjoyment of the part is infectious. New York will certainly insist upon keeping *Eliza Doolittle* a very long time.

"Whereas the English actors as a body are the best in the world (there cannot be more than one Chaliapin in Russia), English actresses are so much poorer in quality. The young actresses in America are infinitely better than those in England. In London a pattern performer is turned out. She has beauty; she cannot walk; she is industrious; she can't wear her clothes; she lives with her mother all right; but she can't act. She has three poses:

"No. 1, Seated, with chin in right hand gazing into space.

"No. 2, Standing; left hand on hip, right hand curling on table.

"No. 3, Standing; pecking at nails of left hand with nails of right.

"Unquestionably a very nice girl. Oh! my hat! Mrs. Patrick Campbell is the one marvellous exception among the English actresses, the one artist. She has that capacity which means for the author of the play something approaching collaboration. How she escaped being moulded like her sisters is difficult to surmise; let us be content with the glorious fact."